

Richie: The Bottom Nobody Remembers by **TheSecretAuthorForever**

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Summary:

Set soon after the the Losers Club beats Pennywise as kids, they have to go back to school to deal with the normal life of being a teenager. Richie of course though, doesn't think he's normal. He knows he likes Boys over girls, there's no question. When the situation presents itself, all he can do is just play along and see what happens.

1. Introduction to a Gay Boy

Richie: The Bottom Nobody Remembers

This FanFiction is set a month after the kids have beat Pennywise for the first time. The ages are as such.

Richie: 13

Bill: 13

Eddie: 13

Stan: 13

Set in their Eighth Grade year (yes I know they are in High School in the movie but after consulting with the Birthdates on (https://stephenking.fandom.com/wiki/Bill_Denbrough) I have determined that they must of been in 7th grade the previous year because of their age. I have determined that Derry High School must include grades from at least the 7th grade, I do my fucking research)

Prologue

Introduction to a Gay Boy

I realized I started to like Boys a while ago, before IT happened. I have been friends with plenty of boys my entire life, mainly Bill, Stan and Ed. They have been my friends for I don't even know how long exactly. I never had much luck with girls but as we all started our own bouts with puberty, I realized that all of us were starting to change a bit. The big difference was Bill. He seemed to become more interested in girls day after day. He didn't really say anything, but I watched him in math last year just staring at girl after girl. Eddie of

course was the least attracted to girls as he was taught to be safe and never have sex with anybody because if he did he would get HIV and die. Stanley was in the middle, he was definitely interested in girls but he was just too shy to do anything about it.

Everyone knows me as the potty mouth and it's true. I do cuss and make stupid jokes all the time. I think it gives me charm. But I do it also to make everyone to think I am just a normal stupid kid. Little do they know what I see in my head. Girls are fun and all that jazz. I've seen a few pictures of tits in magazines and they are nice, but when I first got my first porn magazine, I couldn't help noticing the big cocks the guys had as they demolished the girls. Page after page, I kept paying more attention to the cocks than the tits or the pussies. One page was just a girl with her legs spread and I just turned the page like it was nothing.

Homosexuals aren't given a good name in this town of Derry. There is nothing like seeing a guy being called a fag just because he offered a fucking token to a cute guy at the arcade in the movie theater. Thank god none of the others were there to see that happen.

During the time of IT, I met three other kids. Mike, Beverly, and Ben. They were all nice kids but no one I was really interested in. I guess my love was really about the people I had been friends with my entire life. If I had to rank Bill, Eddie and Stan in order of cutest, I would ask to make a tie at number one, they are all cute and also they are all straight. I know the odds of ever doing anything sexual with them was basically zero. That was before it happened though. Not before "IT" happened, but before it happened. There is a big difference. One involved a scary clown demon monster thing, one involved losing my virginity. Again, a big difference. It started about a month ago, in class.

2. Lunch

Part 1:

Lunch

October 10, 1989

It was just another Tuesday. Another Tuesday of Bullies, not Henry Bowers nowadays, but bullies nonetheless, tons of students and a few teachers that make us do work against our will. What fun.

The first few classes of the day were pretty normal. Home room followed by Pre-Algebra, Maine History Class and Literature. All of them were really boring. School has only been in session for a few weeks so we are all still in the early parts of the learning schedule. Next up was Lunch, finally a time when I could hang out with my friends without the risk of being yelled at by the teacher. I sat down with my friends at the table.

All of us from the summer were there. Our loser's club comprised of some of the cutest boys I have ever known. Bill Denbrough, one of the skinniest boys I have ever seen, I hope that doesn't translate to his dick. I always thought his brown hair was always just so perfect and don't even get me started about those green eyes. It was obvious he still had a lot to do in the world of puberty, but he is fucking adorable. My only complaint is the stutter but honestly, it gets cute at times if it doesn't completely ruin the conversation.

Then there is Stanley, the king of looking innocent. Religion can really fuck up a kid, and Stanley has obviously been fucked up by it. He is so obsessed with this bar mitzvah thing, and since it is happening next week he seems to have his head in that stupid book every minute of the day. At the same time, somehow being religious made him look unaware of everything, and I don't know, but that is probably the cutest face I have ever seen. It's honestly hard to gauge between him and Bill, if I could kiss both of them I would in a heartbeat.

Then there is Eddie, he is the opposite of Stanley. He already has stress lines and he's 13 fucking years old. Maybe it's that medicine he takes. He isn't nearly as cute as Stan or Bill, but there is just something about him. Something that seems like he needs a release. I swear if he would just jack off for once in his life he could calm down for a second. But when ever I mention that stuff about sex he tries to play it cool but he is obviously not comfortable. Probably his mom had something to do with that.

Then there is Mike and Ben. I will be completely honest, I don't really find them attractive. Nothing really against them, they just aren't my type. Of course, Beverly is there too but I really prefer boys over girls.

We all talked about different things, and I butted in with a few sex jokes here and there and most of the others didn't really seem to care. Eddie always responded with something similar to "fuck you" or "fuck off" when I would reference his mom, those were the best times in my book.

Yet something happened today at lunch, one of the new kids at school was sitting alone with Jacob Sterling. Sterling is the only really "out" person at our school, he has gotten beaten up three times in the past four months. I don't know why he doesn't leave this school. Better yet, why doesn't he leave this town? Why doesn't he leave fucking Maine? There has to be a better life out there for him somewhere else.

The new kid was just sitting there and talking with him, it seemed like forever when Bill started talking to me.

"What... What are you looking at Richie?" Bill said to me. Again, that stutter can be cute at times.

"Oh... Uh Nothing" I said back to him.

"He was probably looking at Mrs. Johnson" Beverly of all people said. Everybody looked at her. It was rare that she cracked a joke like that.

"Yeah, she could sit on my Johnson any day" I said trying to break

the tension. There were very few chuckles and honestly everyone felt weird. Thank goodness two minutes later the bell rang. It was time for biology class. I picked up my backpack and looked back at Jacob and the New Kid, except this time Jacob looked straight back at me. He looked petrified, I know that he thought I was going to tell the bullies about him.

I wish I could just tell him that I was just like him. I wish I could just caress his face and kiss those nice lips. Look into those beautiful brown eyes and thick black hair. Throw his glasses to the side and... I should probably get to class.

I stood up and walked to the biology classroom, It was at the end of the side hallway. I walked in and sat in my seat right next to Stanley. He was the only one from the losers club in my class.

3. Biology was Meant to Be

Part 2:

Biology was meant to be

When Mrs. Oats walked in the room, I heard someone snicker in the back.

“How’s your boyfriend doing faggot?” I heard one of the bullies say. I completely forgot that Jacob was in this class and it was apparent I wasn’t the only one who saw him at the table with the new kid. When he looked at them, he immediately turned his head to me. As a chain reaction I immediately turned my head to the front of the class. I heard one of the bullies then say something I dreaded hearing. “Got the hots for the gay boy Trashmouth?”

This can’t be happening, No this can’t be happening. I don’t want to be involved with this. In the front of the room Mrs. Oats was writing on the chalkboard, “human gender biology”. Was this like a book or something? This seemed like it was planned from the start. When I looked back again at Jacob I could see him with a face of both anger and confusement. I made sure to show no emotion as I turned back to the front of the room.

”Now don’t get too excited, we aren’t talking about all of THAT” Mrs. Oats said to the class. “I’ll leave the P.E. Teachers to deal with that material”.

I guess that’s... good? I don’t even really know at this point. Then Mrs. Oats started writing the letters X and Y on the board. It was time to actually learn shit.

The lesson kept going and going, punnett squares for gender, and more of that simple bio shit. Eventually there was about 10 minutes left in class.

“Now, for Friday I want you guys to create posters showing the

information that will be on the text next week. This will go over the past three weeks of material. Groups of two are allowed” Mrs. Oats said. There are only 26 people in my class so that would mean 13 groups. Stanley immediately turned to me and nodded. I just nodded back. Simplest group agreement in the universe.

“Okay, how many of you are working by yourself?” Mrs. Oats said. Only one person raised his hand, one person was also gone today. Who would have guessed it but the one person without a group was of course Jacob. “Jacob, would you want to work with Kylie or just by yourself?” Mrs. Oats said. Kylie was the person who wasn’t in class today.

“I think I’ll just work by myself, thanks.” Jacob said sitting up in his chair.

“Okay then.” Mrs. Oats said grabbing a bowl from behind her desk. “In this bowl are 26 topics, groups of two grab two and people working by themselves only pick up one”.

She went around the room and eventually she got to me and Stanley. We each picked up a piece of paper. We quickly unraveled it and what luck I had. Again it was like it was meant to be.

On my piece of paper it said punnett squares. On Stanley’s paper it said the heart. Here goes nothing, a poster about the organ that is the heart and punnet squares. This could be mildly interesting.

I looked back at Jacob when he picked up his piece and he didn’t even bother looking at it. He just shoved it in his coat pocket. A minute later the bell rang and we all went to our next class. When I looked over to Stan I saw that he had booked it out of there, guess it was time for me to go to my next class as well. I walked into Health class and sat in my regular spot by Eddie.

4. Healthy Thoughts

Part 3:

Healthy Thoughts

When I first saw that my schedule had Biology and P.E. back to back, I didn't think much of it. Today though that changed a bit. It was a gym day for the girls, so health class was in session for the boys. Eddie absolutely hated the entire idea of gym class on the physical side but he loved it on the health side. Jacob is not in this class, thank god, but two of the bullies harassing him in Biology are here so that's fun.

When I sat down Eddie looked at me and pointed his finger at the set of words that were on the board. Sexual Reproductive Organs. What the fuck. I mean, if they were separate days it would be uncomfortable but at least it would be a bit more understandable. But having both of these on the same fucking day that I got called a fag? Yeah, again this seems like it is a book or something. Eventually the bell rang again to signify the start of class and almost at the exact same time Mr. Jamerson walked in.

"Well we all knew this day was coming right kids?" Mr. Jamerson joked as he reached the teacher's desk in the front of the room. He blended down and picked up two posters. Our chalkboard has nails sticking out in order to hang posters and otherwise. He undid the first poster and started hanging it on the chalkboard.

It was a fucking diagram of a vagina, I know this is what we are going over today but this is quite a drastic beginning. Thank goodness it's only a diagram, although I bet if it was real they would probably get sued. Almost half of the kids in the class had a sly smile on their face and chuckling was heard all over the room. Then he hung up the other poster.

I mean it was expected based on the first poster, but indeed it was a diagram of the penis. Yay. The chuckling was quickly changing to sounds of "ugh" and similar. Nobody wanted to talk about the penis, shocking. Mr. Jamerson started talking again.

“Well, it’s no better than those magazines you guys like sharing in the halls” Mr. Jamerson said with a completely straight face. The classroom was completely silent for the next 30 seconds or so. “Anyways, it’s part of the state requirements so we have to go over it” Mr. Jamerson said looking all across the classroom. I looked back over to the poster of the penis. It seemed rather straightforward, but it seemed a bit more sexually oriented than it really should be for a school setting. This was mainly due to the sensitivity rating.

The numbers were small but I could still read that the head was a 8/10 sensitivity, the shaft was 6/10 and the testicles were 10/10 sensitivity. What fun. I turned my attention back to Mr. Jamerson who was still talking about stuff.

“Now you kids are all around 13 or 14 right?” Mr. Jamerson said. The rest of class gave slow nods. Nobody wanted to really say anything, the whole room was tense with awkwardness.

“Then I have no doubt you all have seen changes happening in your body. Some up top, some down below” Mr. Jamerson said. “I’m sure you have already heard this, but yes it is completely natural to have these body changes”.

I won’t deny my body has changed, but the most definite change of us losers was definitely Bill. His voice had gotten slightly lower every week it feels like. For me, my voice has barely changed whatsoever and my dick has only grown about an inch. Nowhere near the promise of 4-5 inches growth I overheard once from Patrick.

The class went on, and we went all over both reproductive organs. Mr. Jamerson didn’t even try to make it humorous instead trying to bore us to death. It seemed that the first few jokes he made not working made his spirits go low. Eventually we got to the end of class. Mr. Jamerson walked up to the chalkboard and started writing something. Reproductive Organs Quiz on Thursday, great. I looked over at Eddie and he was quickly writing down the date in his journal.

I don’t know what it was, but Eddie just looked cute writing in his journal. The way his pen glided across the paper, making sure to circle the date exactly four times. Then he looked up at me. “What

are you looking at” Eddie said to me.

“Uh nothing...” I said back. Then an idea came to me. “Do you want to come to my house tomorrow? We could...”

“I have to study tomorrow, I have a test in History Thursday.” Eddie said to me starting to stand up at his desk.

“Well, we have this quiz on Thursday too, maybe I could help you study for history and then we could study for this together.” I said back to Richie.

Richie looked at me, unsure in emotion, but eventually he smiled and shook his head yes.

“We’ll talk tomorrow about when” Eddie said to me.

“You could just come over after school, My parents wouldn’t mind” I said back to him.

“Oh, okay, I’ll tell my mom tonight” Richie said leaving me at my desk. I quickly got my books together and went to my last class of the day.

I walked into Spanish class and sat next to Bill.

5. ¿Otra prueba?

Part 4:

¿Otra prueba?

When I got into my chair, Bill turned to me, his cheeks flush and a small drop of sweat falling down his forehead. I looked up and saw Beverly walk into the room and sit down right next to Bill. This was not uncommon. It was obvious that Bill has a huge crush on Beverly, it's been obvious since IT came, but only besides a few kisses and a lovey dovey chat or two, they never made anything official. At the same time, this means that Bill had kissed a person he was attracted to. Something that I had still not had to opportunity to do so. Bill then started talking.

“So So So, what do you guys have going on after school” Bill said to the both of us.

“Oh you know, not much” Beverly said as they both looked over to me.

“I'll probably go to the arcade, gotta get in a few more games of street fighter before the tournament” I said.

“Boys and their video games” Beverly said with a small chuckle. Bill's face was getting even more red than usual right now.

“So uh” Bill started to say before the bell rang and Mr. Kyle walked into the room and spoke a phrase in spanish. It sounded like gibberish and I couldn't understand a single thing he said. He looked around the room waiting for a person to answer. He said it again. This time a bit more clearly.

“Habrá una prueba sobre el Capítulo Uno y dos el viernes. Espero que estés preparado para ello” He said. I have no idea what 99% of those words mean. He said it a third time, and that's when Beverly spoke up.

“I think he said that we are going to have a test over Chapter One

and Two on Friday” Beverly said to the classroom. Mr. Kyle smiled and he finally laid off the Spanish.

“And Beverly gets the extra credit for today” he said. He went over to his desk and picked up a pile of papers. “This is your study guide for Friday, the test will be all short answer”

When he said the word short answer, almost everyone in the class groaned. The grade on this test was not going to be very high.

Mr. Kyle went around the room and handed out the study guide, it was just a list of page numbers in the textbook. It was like he wanted this test to be hell. Mr. Kyle then went back to the front of the room. He started going over this weeks vocal when I saw Bill start shifting around. His hands covering his groin. My ears started to tune out Mr. Kyle as I just focused on Bill. Eventually Bill looked over to me and the sight of him shifting his head made my body minorly spasm.

“You... You alright?” Bill said to me.

“Yeah... I’m fine” I said back to Bill.

Eventually class ended and Bill immediately stood up when the bell rang.

“Wait” Beverly said motioning for Bill to sit back down. Bill slowly sat back down, I could see a small dent in the groin of his shorts. “I was thinking that we should all meet up, you know to study.”

“Uh, Uh” Bill said as his face started glowing red again. It had finally calmed down about halfway through Spanish.

“I’m meeting with Eddie tomorrow to study at my house” I said to Beverly.

“How about tonight?” Beverly said. Both of us looked over to Bill, all he could do was nod yes.

“I doubt my parents would mind” I said to the both of them. All of us stood up from our desks and left toward the door. On the way into the hallway I ran into Stan.

“Richie!” Stan said calling for me.

“Yeah?” I said back to him.

“So we are going to meet tomorrow for the project right?” Stan said to me. Knowing I have the meeting with Eddie, I told him I was busy.

“Well I have a family thing on Thursday night, I’m busy once school ends. My dad is expecting me at home soon now.” Stanley said starting to get a bit shifty.

“Well I guess it’s the same stuff in all actuality” I said to Stanley nodding my head. Stanley just looked at me and nodded.

“Okay, I’ll talk to you tomorrow” Stanley said quickly running off to his bus. I caught back up to Bill and Beverly. It seemed they had not said anything.

6. Anxiety

Part 5

Anxiety

“So when do you guys want to come over?” I said to Bill and Beverly. We had just made it outside the school and were near the bike rack. We all unlocked the padlocks securing our bikes and started setting them up to ride.

“Maybe we could meet around six? My dad will probably hang me if I’m out past 10” Beverly said to the both of us. Bill just nodded.

“Uh... Ye... yeah. That s... s... s... sounds... that... um... Six sounds great.” Bill said forcing a worried smile.

That fucking stutter man, it can be so annoying at times, but it just so charming.

“See you then” I said as I got on my bike. I looked over to Beverly, she was just smiling. Bill on the other hand was still a nervous wreck. When he tried putting his bike up, it fell down right into him, as if he didn’t have the strength to lift it. When tried it the second time, he got up and on top of the bike, but it was still embarrassing. Before any of us could say anything, Bill started cycling away from us as fast as possible.

“Boys” Beverly said chuckling. She then got on her bike and rode off leaving me alone. I just stood there dumbfounded for a few seconds and then started riding off myself.

The bike ride from the school to my house isn’t special. About five to six minutes tops with the route I made. From the school I have to go through downtown to get home, but to get around all the traffic I have to maneuver around the area. I learned quickly when I started riding that if I went through downtown normally it was either wait a billion years or risk getting killed by a car, neither of which is preferred.

It was about 3 minutes in when I pulled down the alleyway leading into the main drag of town. But then I saw something abnormal. There were pieces of bike strewn around the alleyway. I realized that one of the pieces had writing on it.

The piece said "William" but it was crossed out and below it said "Bill". This was Bill's bike? I looked around and I saw the a good chunk of the bike next to the dumpster. The dumpster also had a decent sized dent on it.

"Bill?" I yelled. I looked around and couldn't see anyone. I parked my bike and walked around to the other side of the dumpster.

There he was. Bill Denbrough all covered in mud and muck. He looked at me, paralyzed.

"Bill! What the fuck happened to you!" I yelled walking quickly toward him.

"I... I.... I.... I crashed" Bill said, his voice hoarse. I looked at his arm, he had an old rag in his other hand forced on a spot on his arm.

"Are you hurt?" I said back to him. I pointed at the rag. He looked down at it and picked up the rag. There was a sizeable gash stretching the entire side of the arm, still bloody.

"I landed on a broken vase, My arm took the worst of it." Bill said to me. He tried getting up.

"Stay down, I can get help" I said to Bill started to run away. He quickly yelled to me.

"NO!" He yelled. "I don't need anybody's help. I just need to get clean."

"Can you even walk?" I asked him.

"I think so" he said back, trying to get up again. He was clearly having trouble. "Help me get up" He said to me, feeling defeated.

I walked over to him and gave him my hand. He used his non-cut arm's hand to grasp mine and pull himself up.

“I d...d...doubt my bike is going to go anywhere” Bill said to me. He had a few tears in his eyes.

We walked back over to the alleyway, I saw his backpack in a pile of garbage so I just left it there.

“Once we get you fixed up we can come get all your junk” I said to Bill. Immediately Bill looked over to his stuff and all of a sudden he started to limp his way over to his bag.

“Bill, it’s in a pile of garbage” I said to him.

“I can’t let somebody get my bag” Bill said picking up the bag. He limped back over to me.

“My house is only a few minutes away, let’s go” I said to Bill. With my bike it would be only three or so minutes, with a limping boy, I don’t know how long it would take.

“I don’t want anybody seeing me like this” Bill said to me. He looked me straight in the eyes. Even with his face being covered in mud and trash, he still looked so fucking cute. I don’t even know how. I was even tempted to kiss him for a second, but I resisted. We started walking backwards to go around the main square.

Bill kept the rag on his arm as we finally got to my house about 20 minutes later. When I finally opened the door, I yelled to see if anybody was home. The house was empty. There was a short step into my house so I helped Bill limp up and into the house. I led him immediately into the bathroom where I grabbed some body wash out of the shower. He took off the towel from his arm wound and the good news was that it wasn’t bleeding nearly as bad as it was previously. I grabbed another rag, a clean one, and lathered it up with soap and water. I then proceeded to scrub the wound.

When I first touched it, Bill let out a gasp of pain but he let me continue.

“You think it’s broken?” I asked Bill.

“I don’t think so” Bill said back to me looking down at his arm. I scrubbed for about a minute before the smell really kicked in. I could

smell it outside, but the indoors amplified it by infinity.

“You need to take a shower” I said to Bill. He was holding onto the wall as he was still trying to not put much pressure on his leg.

“Does your shower have a seat?” Bill asked me. I was pretty sure it didn’t but I walked over to make sure. Sure enough there wasn’t a seat.

“There isn’t” I said back to him.

“I don’t think I can stand on one leg and use two arms” Bill said to me.

“Is your leg broken?” I asked him. He just looked at me and shrugged.

“Possibly” he said back to me. “It hurts like hell if I put pressure on it”

“Um, I don’t really know...” I started to say.

“Could you help?” Bill said to me.

I just stood there, I had no idea what to say.

7. Getting In

Part 6

Getting in

It must of seemed like I had seen a ghost or something as I just stood there for a solid ten seconds.

“Maybe I shouldn’t of said that” Bill said to me. His eyes looked petrified by fear. I think he was being sincere with the request, but it just made everything awkward. Bill looked down to at his one foot on the floor.

“Uh... No. I... I think I can help you out” I said back to him. He quickly lifted his head back up to stare at me.

“What?” Bill said to me. He was clearly surprised.

“You really need to shower, and I really don’t know how you could do it on one leg” I said back to him. Was this really going to happen? Was I going to help Bill Denbrough shower? Like in the nude? Was this really happening right now?

Bill just looked at me. “Dude, you don’t have to do this” he said.

“No, I want to help you” I said back to him. I walked toward him and grabbed the bottom of his shirt. “You won’t be needing this”.

“Uh, Okay” Bill said to my hair as I looked down at the bottom of his shirt. I had to be careful to avoid the cut on his arm as good as possible but eventually I got it off of him. I haven’t seen Bill shirtless since the summer when we went cliff diving. He hasn’t changed much. All of us were pretty pale but the edge that Bill had on all of us was just how skinny he was. He is almost like a toothpick. This also means that his torso is basically all muscle. His breast area was nice and flat with two small brown nipples. Between the small bumps was a small assortment of chest hairs. Another sign of puberty. It wasn’t anything special, but it was still quite nice.

“Are you sure this is fine?” Bill said to me. I just realized that I haven’t heard Bill stutter since he got in the house.

“It’s fine” I said back to him starting to place my hands on his belt. I quickly undo the buckle and pull the belt away from his jeans.

“Richie, I’m serious, you don’t have to” Bill started to say as I started pulling down his jeans. Then I got a surprise.

Bill Denbrough had a visible hard on poking in his underwear. This was not on the list of expected things I would see today.

“If you want to, I can just take the shower with my underwear on” Bill said trying to get around the fact that his penis was clearly hard and clearly near my face.

The fact is though, I already went this far. Why not just go for the whole shebang. Without saying a word I put my hands on his hips and slowly pulled the elastic underwear band away from his body, slowly lowering them. I eventually got to his dick and had to really stretch out the underwear to get around it. That’s when I got my first good look at it.

I didn’t have a ruler, but I would guess his dick was about four and a half inches or so. It was decently thick too. For a skinny boy, he had a nice cock. I don’t know, but I wonder if it still has room to grow.

Billy just looked down at me staring at it.

“I’m sorry Richie! I couldn’t control it!” He said to me.

“I’m sure I would do the same thing” I said chuckling as I stood back up. “Let me turn on the water”. I walked over to the shower and turned on the water, the water quickly spurted out of the shower head and almost hit my hair. I luckily got out of the way of the water in time.

I walked back over to Bill and grabbed his hand, leading him over to the shower. I helped him leap up the small lip into the shower, Bill used his hand to use the shower wall to keep his balance.

“Are you going to take your clothes off?” Bill said to me, looking me

in the eye.

“If you don’t feel comfortable” I started saying when Bill butted in again.

“I mean, I don’t want your clothes getting wet.”

I looked at Bill and shook my head. I reached down to the bottom my shirt and quickly took it off. I was not as blessed in the body hair department, literally having a microscopic area of hair right in the middle of my chest.

I then moved my hands down to my belt and unbuckled it. I didn’t even have to try taking off my jeans as they fell to the floor when I removed my belt.

Before Bill could say anything I took off my underwear revealing my currently flaccid penis. I was surprised my penis wasn’t hard right now, but I guess the nerves overwrite the sexual context in my mind.

I climbed in the shower and grabbed the soap.

8. Showered

Part 7

Showered

When I entered the shower, the amount of room available was not large. It was obvious that this shower was made for one person, not two. I shut the glass door to stop the water from escaping and then turned my attention to Bill. Bill was facing away from me giving me a view of his back. I used the bar of soap to lather up a wash rag and then started slowly rubbing his back with the rag. His back muscles were so firm and he only flinched a little when I would touch him. I went over his back about two or three times before I went to his arms. I started with the non-hurt arm. Wrapping the rag completely around his bicep I moved it up and down making sure every spot of skin got hit with the rag. I could feel his muscles pulsing as I went over them. Then was his upper arm and hand. Those didn't really give a major sensation.

Speaking of sensations, I was surprised I didn't have an erection when I entered the shower, but I damn well had one now. It wasn't everyday I got to touch Bill this much and my dick finally noticed. My four inch pecker was on display and ready for action. Keeping my groin far away as possible from Bill, I switched to the hurt arm.

"Be careful around the cut" Bill said to me as I wrapped the rag around the bicep. I slowly washed the arm from top to bottom only lightly brushing the cut causing Bill to make a grunt and presumably grimace. Eventually I was done with the arms. I moved my way up to his shoulders and neck area. I know on my body, this area is more sensitive for a reason I'm not really sure about, but I don't know how Bill's body works.

I slowly washed over his shoulders and I could feel his body slightly trembling, he actually let out a small moan. It was nice. Then I went over his neck, circling the entire way around. I then set the rag down and squirted a healthy amount of the lavender scented shampoo on my hands. Before Bill could say anything, I just went for his hair. He didn't have a huge amount on his head, but it was very smooth and

nice. I'm sure the water helped a bit with that. I washed it for a good minute or so before I grabbed the shower head and pointed it over Bill's head and moved my hands back to his hair to help strain out all of the shampoo from his head. Once it seemed like his hair was clean, I moved my hands from his hair and grabbed the towel again.

I tried moving down to his legs but with the positions we were in, it was hard to reach them, so instead I told Bill to spin around to face me.

"I think I'm good Richie, we can just" Bill started to say before I butted in.

"Turn around Bill, if we are going to do this, we are going to do this right".

Bill slowly turned around and we had to shift positions so he could still get a hand on the wall to hold him up. Immediately when he faced me I saw him look down for a split second and his face grow even redder than it was previously. I also took a quick peak and it was obvious that his had not gone down either. I was planning on starting on the face, but it seemed like a certain organ was causing more problems than his face was.

"Richie, we really can stop right now" Bill said to me. Now he was refusing to look me in the eyes. It was obvious that he was uncomfortable. Instead of being sensible and finally saying that we are done, I took the initiative. I let go of the rag and let it fall to the floor of the shower.

"Richie" Bill started to say as I did something I never thought I would have the opportunity to do. I moved my hand to grasp his penis causing him to spasm.

"**RICHIE! WHAT THE FUCK!**" Bill yelled at me causing me to quickly take my hand away.

"Bill, I can explain" I tried saying as I saw his face in a portrait of confusion.

"I told you we should stop" Bill said to me, I couldn't tell if there was

water in his eyes from the shower or if he was starting to cry.

“Bill” I started to say as Bill moved his hand toward my face. As he slapped me I closed my eyes. Then there was silence, and a thump. I opened my eyes and saw that Bill was no longer standing. He had slipped and now was sitting on the floor of the shower, his mouth only inches from my dick.

Bill looked mortified staring down my erection.

“Dude, are you gay?!” Bill asked me point blank.

I couldn’t even respond to him.

9. Towel

Part 8

Towel

“Dude” Bill said to me again. He moved his eyes from my erection to my own eyes. “Are you gay or some shit?”

I have always dreaded this question. The old “are you gay”. This is one of my worst nightmares. I try to take my gaze away from Bill’s eyes, but I just can’t make myself do it. I open my mouth. There has to be a way out of this.

“Bill, we are two teenagers during puberty, naked in the shower, what do you think is going to happen?” I say to him.

“Dude, are you seriously into this shit?” Bill said back to me. I could tell some of the water on his head was sweat instead of water from the shower head.

I looked at Bill sitting on the floor of the shower, how his innocent face looked in complete and utter panic. How his mouth just stayed open in shock. How his skinny body looked glistening with the water, it was just beautiful. I opened my mouth again.

“Do you want me to help you up?” I asked him gesturing my hand out. Bill didn’t respond. He just looked at me and looked back at my dick, still hard as a rock. He then used his healthy arm’s hand to push open the shower door placed his soaked hand on the hard wood floor of the bathroom and did a small full body hop toward it. It was obvious that his tactic wasn’t working very well as every time he moved his bad leg he grimaced. I felt so bad for him. I offered him my hand again and this time he took it. I helped him up on his good leg and slowly helped him hop over the lip of the shower floor back onto the now wet floor of the bathroom. I helped him grab a hold of the wall as I went into the back closet and grabbed two towels. I wrapped one around my lower regions before I went back to him.

“Here” I said to him holding up the towel. I could tell he was looking

at my groin area to see if my hard on was obvious through the towel, luckily the towel hid it pretty well.

“Thanks” Bill said to me reaching out his hand to mine grabbing the towel. I watched him as he tried to wrap it around his body with only the one hand and it was obvious that it wasn’t working due to his entire body having to be against the wall for him to stay upright. After about 30 seconds, he accidentally dropped the towel onto the floor, soaking up some of the water that had fallen to the floor when they exited the show. He looked back at me, his eyes wide open. I stepped toward him and put my hand on his shoulder and then bent down to pick up the towel from the ground.

When I bent down, my face got within six inches of his still hard penis, I just had to ignore it. I picked up the towel and used it to cover his head in order to help dry his hair. I could tell for a second he thought I was going to use it to strangle him or something, but he quickly realized that I was just trying to dry out his small amount of hair. I pressed down on his head through the towel to help get more of the liquid into the towel and then removed it from his head and placed it around his waist.

That’s when I realized he had no clothes here. The only clothes he had were covered in dirt, trash, and blood. I looked into his eyes again.

“I’ll be right back with some clothes” I said to Bill as I led him to sit on the stool by the mirror. Once I knew he was safe on the stool I quickly ran to my room and grabbed a shirt and a pair of shorts. I then thought about whether I should grab underwear. There were two options, have Bill either not wear underwear or wear the ones that he was wearing when he got into the accident or give him a pair of mine. I quickly determined that I should just give him a pair of mine, the only issue was that I didn’t have any in my drawer. I went into the laundry room and found no clean ones in there either. The only ones I could see were a pair I wore yesterday in the hamper. I knew I couldn’t be long so I just grabbed them and hoped Bill wouldn’t ask questions.

I walked down the hallway into the bedroom that connected to the master bathroom where Bill was sitting. But before I could enter the

room I could hear a small moan.

I walked into the bedroom very quietly and peeked around the corner at Bill. Holy fuck. I think you know what he was doing.

10. UnSatisfied

Part 9

UnSatisfied

I stopped in my tracks when I saw his side arm going up and down. I couldn't see his hand or his penis for that matter, but I could just hear the soft sound of slapping. I could tell he was trying to be as silent as possible, but I could hear a small moan here and there. Bill Denbrough was in his natural element, satisfying his body. Eventually I saw his arm slowing down and he let out a slightly louder groan.

"Oh shit" Bill said looking around, I assume for a towel. Eventually though he looked behind him and he saw me. Fucking busted.

I don't know who was more guilty in this scenario. Was I more guilty for just watching him jack off, or was he more guilty for just sitting there and jacking off in my parent's bathroom. It honestly seemed pretty even. Bill just stared at me and couldn't say anything. His face was a shade of bright red.

"Richie... I" Bill started to say as I walked in the bathroom. I looked at his chest and he had spurt out a decent sized load over his chest. Well decent sized for someone in the midst of puberty at least. I looked down at his now deflated penis, there was still a small amount of cum at the tip.

"Do you need another towel?" I said to him trying to act nonchalant. He just stared at me, I could tell the worry in his eyes. I continued talking. "Bill, all of us do it, I mean fuck, how often do you think I have to jack it? I'm probably the most horny boy in this fucking town"

"I really should go home" Bill said to me. He tried getting off the stool but again, his leg would not support him as he fell to the ground. This time though was different. This time he hit the ground harder than he had in the past and it was definitely audible. I looked down at my feet and I saw him just laying there, still.

“Bill?” I said to him. I got no response. I could see his chest was still moving, so he was still alive, thank god, but after trying to talk to him a few times it was evident that he had passed out. To be expected, I had not expected to be put in this predicament and now I was in my house with no adults and a passed out cute boy... I mean a passed out boy. I really shouldn't be saying cute when he is passed out... that seems a bit too much.

I don't know when my parents should be home, but it can't be too long. So I decided to try to bring him to my room. Of course as my room is upstairs, so this is not the easiest thing to do with a passed out boy. I got on my hands and knees to look at Bill again. I snapped my fingers in front of his face a few times and it was evident that he was definitely out of it. I stood back up and bent over to attempt to put Bill in a position that I could have a chance to pick him up. I tried straightening him up as much as possible before I put both of my hands and arms under him to try to even out the weight distribution and pick him up. Lucky for me, the first time did the trick as he was actually lighter than I expected.

I picked him up and started walking a bit, it was obvious that while he was lighter than I expected, he was still over a hundred pounds and he was still quite heavy. After about thirty seconds I was able to get over to my parent's bed. I placed him down and once again I had a sight that I had not expected to see. I had a Bed, my horny ass, and a... cute... teenage boy. Shit.

No I can't. I just can't do that. I can't fucking rape my one of my best friends. No matter how cute his face is. That fucking face. I felt myself moving my face closer to his. I couldn't stop myself as I got even closer. I tried with all my might but my brain had already decided. I wasn't going to rape him, but I was going to kiss him. My brain just needed something. I got even closer until I was within three inches or so from his face. Then I just did it. I just put my mouth to his own and just left them there for a few seconds. I can't believe I was doing this.

All of a sudden, I felt Bill move. With my lips still attached I looked up at his eyes and they flew open. The next thing I felt Bill used both hands to push me away as fast as he could, he only said one word.

“FUCK”.

11. So... Um...

Part 10

So... Um...

I watched as Bill laid his arms back down gingerly, his face pointing straight up to the ceiling, not wanting to look at me. I honestly don't blame him. I don't know what got into me. I don't even know what to say. Bill seemed like he didn't either.

The room stayed silent for a minute or two, just the sound of two boys breathing filled the air. Nothing substantial, nothing loud, just softness of breath gracing the air. Eventually I saw Bill turn his head toward his hurt arm. He took his other arm and graced the attached hand across the gash. I could see him shivering as he ran his fingers up and down the gash. His face assumably grimacing.

I can't help him, he really needs proper medical attention. With the leg, with the arm, for all I know with his mental well-being after the stunt I just pulled. I need to call somebody. I moved for the first time since he pushed me off him, but before I could take three steps Bill spoke.

"Where are you going?" Bill asked me, still looking at his arm. He still hadn't looked at me.

"Um, I was going to call somebody... Um Bill. You need medical attention" I said back to him taking another step toward the door.

"How long was I passed out?" Bill asked me. I just stood there and stared at the back of his head.

There was only one reason I could think of that he would ask that question. He thought I raped him. That had to be it. All I did was kiss him, but the scenario and everything just makes me look in the wrong. I started talking to him.

"Just two minutes or so? I can't really remember. I just picked you up and laid you on the bed" I said to him back. He finally turned his

head to me and opened his mouth.

“So, I guess you’re gay” Bill said to me in a completely straight face. I just stood there dumbfounded. With no words to say. I could see Bill’s eyes staring into me. Staring his way right into my soul. I just shook my head up and down.

Bill turned his head back to the ceiling and he opened his mouth again.

“Richie” Bill said softly.

“Yeah?” I said back.

“Call Beverly, tell her something came up and we can’t study tonight” Bill said. “Tell her something like your family was having an important guest over”

I had completely forgotten about the fucking study session. It feels like we talked about that months ago but it wasn’t even two hours ago. I just stared at Bill.

“Okay” I said to Bill. I walked into the kitchen and picked up the phone to dial Beverly’s home. The phone rang once, than twice, and by the fifth one I was greeted by the sound of a man’s voice.

“Marsh” the man said. It was Beverly’s father. The stories don’t even begin to start what all of us in the Losers Club knew about this man.

“Is Bev there... I mean Beverly... Marsh.... um” I said into the telephone.

Mr. Marsh responded by audibly clearing his throat before saying “Are you her boy?”. Let’s just say it wasn’t in a nice tone.

“Um... No. I just wanted to tell her that we can’t meet tonight for studying” I said. I had never talked to Mr. Marsh more than a shallow hello when I was forced to by my mother.

“Right. Studying” Mr. Marsh said to me as he abruptly hung up the phone.

What have I done...

I walked back into the bedroom, Bill was still laying there. He hadn't moved. He looked towards me again as I walked over to the bed. I sat down near the lower side of his body.

"Bill, I swear to god. I will do anything for you. Nobody can find out I'm... I'm..."

"Gay" Bill said to me, still looking to the ceiling.

"Right... Gay" I said to Bill looking away. The problem with sitting this side of him was that his entire naked body was in front of me before I could get to his face.

"Richie" Bill said to me, trying to sit up under his own power. It took him two tries but eventually he was able to get his torso up without using either arm. I don't know why he didn't use his healthy arm but it doesn't really matter.

Bill stared at me, I stared back. Our eyes locked. He opened his mouth and said two words that basically petrified me.

"You're hard" Bill said.

12. Down

Part 11

Down

I don't know how I didn't notice it. My dick was standing there loud and proud. It wasn't even partially erect. This was the full-blown deal. I looked at Bill and his eyes were pointed directly at my cock. I moved my hands to cover it when Bill spoke.

"Don't, just let it stand" Bill said to me. I immediately pulled my hands back.

"Bill... this has gone too far" I said to him. "I don't know what I can do. About this" pointing to my dick "about your injuries, about my fucking head, and about everything else that has fucking happened in the last two hours" I could feel a tear drop from my eye.

"Richie, I don't really know what to say" Bill said to me moving around his healthy leg's foot. He stretches it out and it grazes the side of my body. I feel my body's nerves freak out slightly unused to the weird feeling.

I look over at Bill's dick. It is starting to become hard again. Bill uses his full body to shift towards me, his foot gets closer to my pelvic area. After about fifteen seconds of shifting, his foot finally meets my erect dick and it just rubs against it. After about ten seconds Bill opens his mouth again and says something I have been wanting to hear for a very long time.

"Grab it" Bill said in a commanding tone straight to my face. I quickly looked over at his now erect cock and moved my hand over to grasp it. It feels like I expected, just like my own pretty much. But as Bill's foot rubs up and down my dick I start moving my hand up and down his cock, slowly jacking him. Now I think I am the one who is passed out on the floor of the bathroom. This can't possibly be real. Bill speaks again.

"It's too dry" Bill says to me, looking at my face with his tongue

bulging in his cheek indicating the next action he would like to happen. I take his advice and move my body so that my face is about two inches from his dick. I grab hold of his cock again, give it a few good stroke and then lick my tongue over the slit. I feel the shiver going through his body by the way he softly shakes as I give the first few licks.

I then just take the bullet and line my mouth up with his dick and start going down. It tastes like normal skin, but with a hint of saltiness. Asuably from the cum and sweat that has run down it overtime. It was clear that his penis wasn't super cleaned in the shower from earlier, but I didn't really care at this stage. I was living the dream.

I had always wanted to suck a dick, I didn't care whose. But the fact that this was the dick of Bill Denbrough was an entirely different story. It's one thing to hookup with a random guy on the side of the road, and an entirely different thing to be sucking off one of your best friends. I sucked him for about a minute before I felt his hand (healthy arm) grace my hair. He ruffled it before grabbing my head and softly forcing my head down further on his dick. It took me until the base of the shaft before my first gag reflex came in. It wasn't super violent, but it felt almost like I was choking. Here's the thing though, I really fucking enjoyed it.

I eventually had to lift my head up to get some air, but time and time again I would go down on him and take longer and longer attempts at holding my head down to the bottom of his shaft. I knew the only reason he was lasting this 5+ minutes was because he just came under 15 minutes ago. It's crazy to think that from the kiss to now was only minutes. It felt like months. I felt his grasp start to get looser as I got a pattern going. I was now willingly deepthroating him until I literally couldn't breathe.

Eventually though, I could tell he was getting close. He was starting to thrust his hips into my face, this though as I found out was even more of a turn on. It was a surprise finding out that I was a sub, but I couldn't imagine not being one now. It was just so hot being dominated.

I heard Bill suddenly moan and gasp and soon I could feel something

shooting out of his dick and into my mouth. I couldn't really taste it well because it was going down my throat so fast but it tasted salty and while it wasn't really something I would look for on the menu, it was nice. After he was done, I slowly lifted my head off of his dick, moved my body over to his side, and laid down by him. I turned my head towards his. He turned his face to mine.

"Richie" Bill said in a whisper.

"Bill" I said back. I moved my head closer to his until our lips met, but this time it wasn't rejected. It was obvious that Bill wasn't an experienced kisser as his lips just sat there. I eventually pulled away my face and I just laid there with him. Our faces inches apart. That's when I heard a floor crack near the door of the bedroom. There looking in was Beverly Marsh.

Well Fuck me I guess.

13. Going Home

Part 12

Going Home

Beverly dropped her backpack when she looked into my eyes. This caused Bill to look over to the doorway and realize what had just happened.

“Fuck” Bill said as he strongly pushed me away from him on the bed. “Beverly!” He yelled to the doorway, but by the time he could say anything Beverly had already left the doorway and was on her way to leave the house. “What have you fucking done.” Bill said looking back to me.

Bill quickly jumped off the bed, but when his feet hit the ground he collapsed due to his injured leg. I quickly jumped up off the bed and out the doorway leaving Bill on his own. The front door to my house was wide open and I almost ran out before I realized I was completely nude. Smartly I quickly got some shorts on before running out and looking down the sidewalks for any sight of Beverly.

Here I was in the middle of my driveway, fresh off swallowing Bill Denbrough’s cum in only an old pair of shorts looking for a girl who could ruin my life forever if she revealed my secret. Fuck.

She was nowhere to be found and on top of this, My bike was still at the scene of Bill’s accident, so I had to walk anywhere I wanted to go. I looked back at my house and I just walked back inside and back to where I left Bill.

“Dude, why did I agree to let you do that. Now you just ruined my only chance to date Beverly.” Bill said as I entered the room.

“Well look at me Dipshit, If the town figures out that I’m a fucking fag, I may not make it to next fucking year” I said to him. I could tell he didn’t know how to react to what I said. He just stared at me, completely nude sitting on the floor with his hurt leg gingerly resting on the carpet and a scar on his arm that made me grimace.

“I... I need to go home” Bill said to me. “I need clothes”

I immediately went into the bathroom and grabbed the clothes I had meant to give him before I caught him jacking off. “Here” I said to him showing him the clothes.

We started with the shirt, I put the shirt over his torso and we worked together to get his head and arms through the appropriate holes. Next was the underwear. I put the legs each in one hole of the underwear and slowly pulled them up his lying down torso. I made sure to not touch his privates as I slowly guided the underwear to conceal his manhood and buttocks. The shorts I had were very similar but at least I didn't have to worry about his genitals for those. Eventually he was fully clothed and I was still only wearing a shitty pair of shorts.

“Are you going to get dressed?” Bill asked me.

“Uh, yeah” I said to him. I started to stand up from being on my knees while helping him when Bill moved his hand to my groin area.

“Take the shorts off” Bill said to me, with a completely straight face. I stared at him dumbfoundedly.

“What?” I said to him, trying to laugh it off.

“I want to feel what another guys dick feels like” Bill said to me.

“The fuck?” I said back to Bill. Add this to the list of unexpected developments.

“I don't want to suck it or anything. I just want to feel it. It's only fair” Bill said to me moving his hand to the top of my shorts. He started pulling down. I didn't stop him.

Soon my dick was clearly visible and Bill immediately moved his hand to grasp it once it was in the open air. The feeling was... something. A warmth covering my dick that wasn't from my own being. He stroked me four or five times before pulling his hand away.

“Now, get dressed” Bill said to me.

“O... Okay” I said as I left the room walking toward the laundry room. I quickly dressed myself in a shirt and I was looking through my laundry basket for a pair of old underwear when I got an idea. I put some random shorts on as I walked back into the bedroom, past Bill and into the bathroom. I found his old clothes and laying inside of his former shorts were his old pair of underwear which he had worn. I they were near the shower so they did get a bit wet after the activities when leaving the shower, but I still put them on. They were a size smaller than I was used to and I could feel my dick being pressed on slightly by the fabric. It wasn’t anything substantial, but it was noticeable and it did make my dick’s outline in the underwear much more prevalent.

I don’t really want Bill to know so I quickly put on the shorts over the underwear and walked back into the bedroom. Bill was still there, ready to get back up.

14. Another

13

Another

“How are you going to walk?” I asked Bill as I pulled him up with his good arm. On the way up, he tried putting weight on his bad leg but as expected from the previous attempts, the pain was too much to manage and he immediately pulled his leg up. I helped him up on one leg and back onto the bed. He was still sitting up.

“I really think I should just call an ambulance” I said to Bill as he just looked at me stone eyed.

“No, we can’t call the ambulance” Bill said back. I looked at him, he has a messed up arm, a messed up leg, a messed up mind, everything was screwed up.

“Bill, you can’t walk” I said back to him. He just kept looking at me.

“Then I guess you are going to have to carry me” Bill said to me.

“Carry you where?” I said back to him. “If I carry you home, your parents are just going to call an ambulance and chastise me for not doing so”.

“No, we can’t go to my house” Bill said to me.

“Well, can I at least call your parents so they know you haven’t been kidnapped or something?” I asked Bill, he just shook his head no.

“We can’t” Bill said to me. Then I saw his face light up out of nowhere. “I know where we can go”

“Then just fucking tell me Bill” I said back to him, my voice is starting to have an angry tone.

“Eddie’s mom has all kinds of medical shit doesn’t she?” Bill said to me. I just looked back at him.

“Eddie’s house is all the way across town Bill, getting there will be absolute hell” I said to him. From my house to Eddie’s was about a 25 minute walk, usually only around 10 when I’m biking but as my bike was still at the scene of the accident. There is no way I can carry Bill that far.

“Well it is that or I’m staying here on this bed until I heal up naturally” Bill said, finally laying down on the bed with his legs hanging off the end of the bed.

Then I had an idea, this is probably plan F but it’s better than walking that long. “What if I call Eddie and tell him to bring some of that medical shit here?” I said to Bill. I watched as Bill lifted his head to stare into my eyes.

“Fine, whatever” Bill said before laying his head back down onto the bed.

I walked back into the kitchen and picked up the phone to dial Eddie’s house phone. The dial tone rang three times before the sound of Eddie’s mother came over the phone.

“Who is this?” She said in a stern tone.

“Um, it’s Richie... Richie Tozier? I need to talk to Eddie” I said over the phone. I never liked talking to Eddie’s mom, no matter how many times I claimed I fucked her.

“What for?” She responded. “Eddie told me you kids were studying tomorrow after school, what do you need to talk to him now for?”

“I wanted to know if he could come over to... um... hang out?” I said to Eddie’s mother.

“Eddie isn’t supposed to leave the house once he gets home from school” she said.

“Um... I also found an inhaler on the sidewalk outside of school. It said Property of Eddie Kasprak on it” I said to her. That was a lie and I don’t give a fuck. I heard Eddie’s mom grunt over the phone and I heard her yell for Eddie to come downstairs. I heard her give him the phone.

“Uh, Hello? Eddie” I said to him.

“Richie? What are you” Eddie started to say before I cut him off.

“Eddie, I need to you to get to my house with bunch of medical shit immediately, I can’t explain right now. Just get here.”

I hung up the phone and walked into the bedroom, Bill hadn’t moved.

“Eddie is on his way” I said to Bill. He didn’t lift his head up. Instead he just moved his hand to the side of the bed and patted on it. I just stared.

“Get up here you idiot” Bill eventually said thirty seconds later. I couldn’t help but oblige.

I slowly got on the bed and laid next to Bill. I watched as his shirt covered torso went up and down as he breathed. Then he spoke.

“What does Eddie know about Gay Sex?” Bill said.

I was speechless.